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WHO CENSORS YOUR MOVIES?

New Republic

FRANCO

Two Articles on the Christian Caudillo's Bid for Leadership of the Moslem World

PAGES 8-11

The Charles C
EAST TENN
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FEB 18 1954
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T. R. B. *Washington Wire*

The Berlin Conference accomplished nothing and led to pettish questions why we meet with Russia at all. The answer is, of course, that in the agonizing world desire for peace every possibility must be explored, no matter how slight, and that the naïve, the gullible and the wavering must relearn the lesson every so often that it is Moscow, not the free world, that is blocking settlement. No reasonable man could read the story of Berlin without reaching that conclusion. There is new evidence also that the Army is increasing its voice in Soviet affairs.

At home it was a representative week. In Texas, Governor Allan Shivers said he favored a law to execute all Communist Party members; in New York, the alleged slayer of the Maxwell Bodenheims reportedly stated that he did it because they were "Communists"; in the Senate confirmation of Chief Justice Warren hung fire until he had had an FBI check, like everybody else. It was a good normal week in Anno McCarthy 8.

For this column came our regular weekly struggle in which we try to dislike President Eisenhower and fail. Is there a psychiatrist in the audience? We always feel we need one after a White House press conference. The President began by deploring extreme partisanship. With honest, charitable words he rejected the GOP policy line that Democrats are tinged with treason; the times are too serious for such partisanship, he said. Our heart pounded applause.

For himself, Ike said, he had seen no such charge. (So help us, that's what he said.) A reporter then read aloud some of the juicier GOP attacks. Mr. Eisenhower said he would not engage in personalities. *New York Times*man James Reston asked if the President's advice to his party covered GOP National Committee Chairman Leonard Hall? Ike said it did. Our responsive heart leaped again. Bob Spivak of the *New York Post* then asked how Ike felt about Hall's underwriting of Senator McCarthy's tour (in which his topic is "Twenty Years of Treason"). With the gesture of a Roman Senator drawing his toga about him the President patiently but grimly repeated that he had said many, many times that he was not going to talk about anything where personalities were involved—no, he would not do it. Our responsive heart didn't seem to know what to do about this. It just kept on beating normally.

We often think Ike's greatest handicap is the overwhelming editorial support he gets. He has nobody to tell him the facts of life. We think the rude questions he gets at press conferences could be of inestimable advantage to him. But the editorial paeans next day tend to blot them out.

Did you know that the Supreme Court will sustain a conviction against you obtained by the local police illegally breaking into your house, planting a microphone under your bed, and listening to your conversation with your wife? Seems a bit like Russia, doesn't it? Maybe you can't believe it, eh? All right, here are the facts: By a 5-to-4 decision on February 8, in the "Irvine" case, the Supreme Court sustained a conviction obtained against a Long Beach (Calif.) gambler. The local police took a locksmith to the Irvine home while it was empty and made a passkey. They entered, installed a microphone, bored holes, brought out wires. The eavesdrop wasn't satisfactory so they re-entered and put the mike in a closet. This wasn't satisfactory, so they went back a third time, put it in the bedroom.

The *St. Louis Post Dispatch* calls this "a judicial outrage." The Supreme Court was a mite disturbed, too: it said the police methods were "unconstitutional" and suggested a local investigation. But the majority wouldn't throw out the case. In the slow attrition of civil liberties, remember that that precedent stands for everybody. When you whisper to your wife in bed in your home at night, the Supreme Court says it is illegal for the police to eavesdrop—but it will send you to jail if you convict yourself. And, we'll soon have legal wire-tapping, too.

American political parties are loosely organized. Congressional Democrats feel no responsibility to produce their own legislative program, as would an opposition party in a parliamentary country. They follow a program of rough expediency. It is an ancient fault of our amorphous party structure. Nevertheless the two sides are slowly coming to grips. The Democrats will generally go along with those social-security features of Ike's program which are extensions of the New Deal, however grudging. They will support Ike against his own party in any effort to lower tariffs. But they will fight Ike on two things, the farm issue and the "help-the-rich" tax-cut program.

Last week Harvard's impressive farm economist, Kenneth Galbraith, made an intelligent plea for the Brannan Plan before the Congressional Joint Economic Committee. He pointed out that the Administration had itself adopted this once despised plan for wool. It would let farm prices fall to free market levels and make compensatory payments to farmers, with strict acreage control. Democrats may fall back on this program. Certainly it is doubtful whether Ike realizes the political trouble ahead from the increasingly right-wing Department of Agriculture's plan to pull the rug out from under farmers. One GOP mayor from Iowa quietly told the committee his state will "go Democrat" if farm help isn't given soon.

But the big Congressional battle will be on taxes. It will start in a week or so when the House Ways and Means Committee reports out the GOP bill to aid big corporations and dividend clippers. Democrats will propose instead a blanket $100 increase in income-tax exemptions which would give most of the tax relief to low income groups.

Notes: Many observers think Ike's $2.9 billion deficit estimate for the fiscal year will be double that. . . . The Sons of the American Revolution Philadelphia Chapter is giving McCarthy its "Good Citizenship Medal"; Ike made an exception of the SAR in resigning from other groups recently. . . . The fourth anniversary of McCarthy's charge that he had before him "a list" of "205" State Department Communists shows no case ever proved.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Oil and Morals

AT MADISON, WIS., on Sunday, February 7, Joe McCarthy called the Eisenhower-Dulles policy—which Dulles has said is the "heart of our foreign policy"—the "most immoral, most indecent and most unheard of thing in the history of the world."

At Aberdeen, S. Dak., he called on Republicans to ask this question of every candidate running for Congress: "If we send you to Washington, will you continue to vote our money to allies who are using that money to strengthen our mortal enemy, Red China?"

McCarthy is traveling across country in planes supplied to him by Texas oil interests. He came to Madison in a 10-passenger amphibian plane bearing the name of the Republic Oil Refining Co. It was arranged for by Walter Hallanan, W. Va. GOP National Committeeman who is a member of the board of directors of Republic Oil. At Aberdeen a plane owned by the Superior Oil Co. of Texas took over.

Brownell Strikes Out

ATTORNEY GENERAL Brownell has been taught (but has he learned) a simple but basic rule of criminal law and politics: never try to stretch a criminal law beyond its intended and obvious meaning in order to embarrass one's political opponents.

He was given this lesson by a federal judge in Washington, D. C., who directed the acquittal of Herbert A. Bergson, former Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division during the Truman regime. Brownell had obtained Bergson's indictment for alleged violation of the "conflict of interest" statutes.

In his official position, Bergson had become familiar with antitrust problems of certain corporations. Within two years after resigning and entering the private practice of law, he acted as counsel for those same corporations in seeking advisory opinions from the Antitrust Division.

However, in his capacity as private counselor, he made no claim against the government for money.

The statute under which Bergson was indicted forbids anyone employed by the United States to act, within two years after the end of his employment, as "counsel, attorney or agent for *prosecuting any claims* against the United States involving any subject matter directly connected with which such person was so employed or performed duty." This law had always been interpreted by lawyers and laymen to refer solely to those who prosecute monetary or property claims within the two-year limit.

But Brownell issued a sweeping, new construction. The law applied, he said, "to all matters in which the government has an interest, and about which the former employee acquired knowledge or took action in connection with his official duties." Moreover, Brownell said, "there is no distinction in this respect between monetary claims and non-monetary claims."

Federal Judge Charles F. McLaughlin has found no basis whatever for Brownell's position. The legislative history and the plain language of the statute, he said, showed that the law was limited to demands against the United States for money or property.

"When choice has to be made between two readings of what Congress has made a crime," said McLaughlin, "we should not derive criminal outlawry from some ambiguous implication."

Brownell has said he will seek speedy Congressional action "to close up the loopholes in the law." He may reconsider, since, if he gets what he wants he will necessarily be confined to the prosecution of present Republican office-holders who may later enter private employment and thus acquire a "conflict of interest."

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It's Easy

BECAUSE "I believe in an open mind, but not so open that your brains fall out," Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the *New York Times*, has denounced Republican attempts to identify the Democratic Party with "sadism"—"historic betrayal" . . . "idiocy" . . . "deceit" . . . and "red slime." "The Republicans," he said, "are making fools of themselves. . . . Our problem is to get rid of Communism without disturbing the basic thing that is America."

Sen. George Malone (R, Nev.) has a solution for that problem. He has organized and is President of the National Association of Card-Carrying Americans. The first chapter has been formed in Spokane, Washington.

Chicago's Puerto Ricans

THE NATION'S creeping recession has become a full-scale depression for Chicago's Puerto Ricans. The newest and hence the most economically vulnerable population group in the city, they have been the first to experience widespread unemployment.

Though old to New York, this problem is new to Chicago, which was barely aware that it had acquired a Puerto Rican community numbering some 20,000 during the last few years. Many of the unemployed cannot meet the one-year residence requirement for relief in Illinois and this has caused misunderstanding and bitterness. Nobody knows how many are jobless. But offices of the Puerto Rican Commonwealth Depart-

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ment of Labor are crowded with workers for whom no jobs can be found. Anthony Vega, director of the office, counted 150 in a single day recently.

The Catholic Youth Organization which temporarily provided emergency funds, reported as many as 500 appeals in a day. Private charities, their thin budgets strained by the heavy increase in cases, have urged Welfare Commissioner Alvin E. Rose to relax residence requirements for relief. But he has refused, saying it would jeopardize the help that could be given to needy Chicagoans from the agency's limited funds. The *Chicago Tribune* supported his stand, while it editorialized about "imported reliefers" who "pour into city and ask dole."

"We'll help those who are sick and the children, but we have a long-standing policy not to give financial assistance to able-bodied non-residents," Rose said, and he did two things: he used relief funds to send a plane load of 30 back to Puerto Rico, and he made a flight to the island to discourage migration.

This prompted Rexford Guy Tugwell, former Governor of Puerto Rico and now political science professor at the University of Chicago, to comment: "When Mr. Rose comes home, will he go downstate and discourage migration there, too? Far more laborers and farmers pour into Chicago from Southern Illinois than from Puerto Rico."

Many Puerto Ricans, resentful and bewildered, feel they are being treated like second-class citizens. As they doubled up in tiny apartments to share beds and bread during the crisis, they expressed their views through Vega: "We want Chicago to see it isn't the Puerto Rican that's suffering. It's the worker. We don't want any special consideration. We just want to be treated like all other Americans, that's all."

"Relieving" TVA

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER would like to dissociate himself from the current campaign for sale to private power companies of the assets of the Tennessee Valley Authority. But leaders of the campaign are prominent Republicans—many, like anti-government Chairman Clarence Manion of the President's Committee on Intergovernmental Relations, very close to the Administration—and TVA appropriations have been cut from $336 million in fiscal 1953 to $188.5 million in 1954 and $141.8 in 1955.

TVA is required by law to repay within 40 years all funds advanced to it from the Treasury for power purposes. These repayments are now ahead of schedule. When they are completed, the government will still own the assets. About 50 percent of TVA power goes to the Atomic Energy Commission. Another 25 percent is used by plants producing materials essential to the defense program. The power needs of the area (seven states) grow each year and construction to increase capacity must be begun some three years before the added output is needed. But although conservative estimates indicate that a power shortage will exist in the area by 1957 unless some 600,000 additional kilowatts become available, the new budget does not provide for any new construction. Rather the Administration proposes to "relieve" the load on TVA by buying from private companies approximately 600,000 of the kilowatts required by AEC.

This program not only means that the government—and the taxpayer—will pay more for that power, but also that no margin will be provided for unanticipated growth in need or for emergency demand from the atomic plants at Oak Ridge or Paducah.

TVA's Chairman Gordon Clapp has been with the organization from its beginning. Together with former Chairman David Lilienthal he has successfully defended TVA against patronage raids by both parties. His term expires May 18. Citizens' organizations in the region want him appointed to another nine-year term. But the Tennessee Republican Party organization led by Rep. Carroll Reece wants him replaced by Harry C. Carbaugh.

A successful and respected businessman, Carbaugh has had considerable experience in raising chickens and eggs—and funds for the Party.

China Trade

A YEAR AGO when Joseph McCarthy was busy dissuading Greek ship owners from the Red China run and slamming the British for their China trade, West German-China trade figures were only a fly speck on his subcommittee's charts.

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But now statistics show that West German exports to Red China increased more than 900 percent in 1953 over the previous year. And those who yelled loudest for across-the-board bans on any allied trade with China are strangely quiet about this development.

West Germany's rate of increase in trade with Communist China, according to the US Department of Commerce and the United Nations, was greater than any other free nation in 1953. From a slim $2.8 million in 1952, she stepped up her exports to an estimated $25 million last year and she sold more goods to China than did any other Western nation last year. The United Kingdom claims to have exported directly to China about $16 million and France about $12 million in non-strategic goods. Hong Kong handled about $90 million worth of exports, including her own manufactures and re-exports from Britain, France, Germany and other nations.

West Germany hasn't quite reached an advantageous balance of trade with China—of selling more than she buys. But the goal is within sight; last year she was only $10 million short of it.

US moral suasion to prevent allied trade with China has succeeded best with herself, Canada and Greece. (Last year this country exported exactly nothing and imported only about half a million dollars worth of goods, and they were termed strategic, compared to $27 million worth in 1952.) The recent Randall Commission majority report takes the view that US and allied trade with China should be held off "until present threats to our security and that of other free nations in those areas have been removed." This raises the question: does the Korean cease-fire constitute a removal of a "present" threat? Few countries are waiting for an answer.

West Germany has not yet run afoul of the Battle Act list of banned strategic goods, but she has come dangerously close. (US-aided countries caught shipping specified strategic items to the Soviet bloc run the risk of losing that aid under the Battle Act.) Last year West Germany exported about $6 million worth of sheet iron and steel bars to China. Quietly and without publicity, the hush-hush East-West trade control committee of free nations sitting in Paris recently banned any more iron and steel exports to China from any non-Soviet country. If Germany is to keep up her volume without violating this ban, she must increase her shipments of pharmaceuticals, optical and precision instruments.

Germany's revival of trade with the China mainland has piqued competitors, such as Britain. Able to concentrate on exports instead of arms, West Germany can undersell because of cheaper labor costs and longer credit terms. The Chinese Communist Purchasing Mission in East Berlin undoubtedly is a help. And being able to ship via the Trans-Siberian Railway, as well as by sea, is convenient, too. So the only consolation her competitors can possibly get out of the increase in West German trade with Red China is that she, too, may become a McCarthy target.

Russian Packaging

THE RUSSIANS are taking advantage of the bad effect on Western European public opinion of recent ups-and-downs of US policy to introduce a new glossy-finish packaging for their own propaganda. A few examples in England are fairly typical of a pattern.

The head of the Orthodox Russian Church sent a splendid jewelled cross as a personal gift to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The largest cultural delegation from Russia to visit England since the end of the war is arriving for a five weeks' tour—it includes some of the Soviet Union's most famous musicians, dancers and singers. The "Arsenal" football team which stands in about the same relationship to British football—and national popularity—as the Yankees, the Giants or the Dodgers do to US baseball, have been formally invited to play against the Russian "Dynamo" team in Moscow, and then to make a tour of many of the Russian provincial cities.

The Russians took great care, in these gestures obviously intended to win friends and influence people in various walks of British life, to avoid not only any oblique reference to the virtues of Communism or of Russian but also to politics in any form whatsoever. The new packaging of Soviet propaganda works on two assumptions: that most people will be concerned more with what the Russians do than why they do it; and that the best way to serve Soviet interests is to avoid open propaganda and to try to make both Russia and the Russians rather more humanly popular in contexts other than the political.

As the newspapers of England and other Western European countries play up—or merely report factually—such apparent triumphs for McCarthyism in the US as Attorney General Brownell's announced intention to legislate some freedom out of the American Constitution, the Russians try to create the impression that their peoples are as free as the British to do what they like—go to church, to the theatre, the ballet or sports matches. Everybody knows, of course, that the Americans are *really* free in this respect. But US officials seem to miss the point that in the European propaganda market, the most popular consumers' goods is the hope for peace, that is, the chance to *continue* to be free to do what one likes. In its way the new packaging of Soviet propaganda reflects the pattern of the domestic Russian drive; it is intended to satisfy the consuming customer.

You know and I know, but does your dog know?

Things Have Changed

POLITICALLY directed, the vast power of the Federal Communications Commission could be used to influence the kind and amount of news and comment carried by radio and TV. That danger was highlighted by the appointment for a seven year term on the Commission of Robert E. Lee—whose primary qualifications for the post are friendship with Joe McCarthy and a stint with the tax-exempt propaganda program "Facts Forum." It was dramatized by Lee's prophesy that his presence would lead to a "changed policy." The change is worth watching for because even in the most turbulent days of the New Deal—when the FCC acted with decision and energy—the Commission was never accused of misusing its power to favor spokesmen for the Democratic Party.

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Now there is a test case before the FCC. Both the Cowles Broadcasting Co. and the Murphy Broadcasting Co. want Channel 8 in Des Moines, Iowa. The Cowles organization, publishers of *Look* magazine, already own a powerful radio station in Des Moines, a television station in Sioux City, and the only two daily newspapers—read throughout the state—in Des Moines. The Murphy Co. owns one Des Moines radio station. In the past, the FCC frowned upon excessive concentration of control over mass-communication media.

The arguments of the rival bidders before the FCC were routine until, at one of the hearings, the attorney for the Murphy Co. made an "offer of proof" to the effect that if Kingsley Murphy Jr. were allowed to take the stand under oath, he would testify that Cowles vice-president Jim Milloy had invited him to his office a few days before, offered him a number of well-paying jobs, and said:

> It makes no difference what goes on in there [the FCC hearings]. The Cowles have done a lot for Ike. . . . He won't let them lose out on TV in Des Moines. I know how the wheels turn in Washington, and you don't have one chance in 10. Things have changed at the Commission.

The hearing examiner ruled this information "immaterial" but let it stand in the record. Its presence there should practically assure that the case will be decided on its merits. But it makes the case worth watching. And it suggests that all future cases before and developments within the FCC will also bear watching—to discover how widespread and accurate is the attitude said to have been so ingenuously voiced by the Cowles vice-president Milloy.

International Finance

REP. ALVIN O'KONSKI (R, Wis.), who emerged from obscurity last year when he ignored the Logan Act and wrote to South Korean President Syngman Rhee urging him to disregard the official US policy and free the anti-Communist POWs then in neutral custody, is also not without experience in European affairs.

In his state income-tax return for 1952, O'Konski, under the subhead "Loss from Fire, Storm, Casualty or Theft," claimed $1,000 in deductible income because "when I was in Paris, . . . I was short changed by $1,000 when I converted $1,400 in US currency to French francs."

Volkswagen Uber Alles

Frankfurt, Germany

SO DISTANT and unrelated the events of the twenties and thirties seem now, hardly anyone noticed that the opening week of the Berlin Conference also marked the twenty-first anniversary of Hitler's seizure of power.

The intellectual elite, who a generation ago conceived it as their task to supply the masses with properly scientific national slogans, have so far not found or rediscovered the master who will supply them with the proper concepts. Geopolitics, *"Lebensraum,"* the theories of racial selection and the other props on which the properly nationalistic German schoolmaster of the twenties depended for his inspiration are today either still publicly discredited or in obvious conflict with the physical reality of the time.

Furthermore, there is today in Germany no strong group (outside of the Communists of course) which will lend support to or finance "spontaneous" nationalist diversions. Big business sees in the Western Alliance and the Bonn Government no threat to its interests; the Army has not yet itself found a voice or paymaster; and former Nazis are either still economically weak, under police or Allied observation, or themselves represented in the government.

Lacking polar attraction at the extremes, the Germans are only acting at their logical best by deciding to be the most stable country in Europe. If one takes the election returns as indices, no other large country in Europe has anywhere near as moderate, democratic a core as does Germany. To appreciate the significance of a 75-90 percent vote for democratic parties, one must remember that in the Weimar period a huge block of German election districts never once gave the democratic parties a majority in every election after 1919.

Appearances, however, can be deceiving, and it would be dangerous to assume that the vast majority of Germans are definitely sold on a democratic, anti-nationalist course. Neither should the restraint with which they have observed the Berlin Conference be taken as evidence that they have found a national policy, that they for instance understand and fully back the policy being pursued by the Adenauer Government.

For the Adenauer policy also contains some contradictions. The Germans' over-riding public goal is unification. Yet the Adenauer Government has in effect written off unification in the foreseeable future.

One way to cope with this contradiction, the technique adopted by most of the German press, is to ignore it. And if it is raised it can be answered with the argument that it is after all the leftists and the wartime Allies, America as well as Russia, who are responsible.

This is the line fashionable in the conservative German press, but as one goes through the magazine racks in a German library today one occasionally comes on some surprisingly frank and honest analyses of what really is the matter today in Germany. Thus from an article in the *Deutsche Studentenzeitung*, the extremely lively organ of the Union of German Students, which discusses the current preoccupations of Germans in contrast to those they harbored under Hitler:

> There exists a serious question whether we really have any ideals at all. . . . What we want and what we seek today is measured by the first person singular. We want nothing of dreams of a greater Germany, or of the giddiness of self-discipline carried out in its name. . . .
>
> He who can definitely plan on becoming the owner of a Volkswagen or a motor bike is going to stop dreaming that there may someday be even for him a lucrative Gauleiter job in central Asia. . . . The real, newly-opened opportunities give a sort of self-confidence which is different from that once lent by nationalism. As for nationalism, it appears to have been almost extinguished in the course of the Nazi crash; what there's left of it today hardly suffices for anything.
>
> As for internal politics, they're no longer a matter of passion, but of possible alternatives. But already even this interest is not very strong.

That, it seems, is a rather acute acknowledgment of the true state of the German mind today.

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A JOURNAL OF OPINION New Republic

Editorial: "Free Competition of Opposing Views"

THE LOS ANGELES outlet of the American Broadcasting Company is one of the 22 television stations currently carrying the "Washington Calling" program produced by Joe McCarthy's backer, Texas oilman H. L. Hunt, and his "Facts Forum" organization. In Southern California the program is sponsored by Republican Associates, a GOP Finance Committee on which oil operators are represented, and can be heard once a week by the 4.3 million population of Greater Los Angeles.

The California Democratic Party, through its National Committeeman Paul Ziffren, has officially demanded "equal time and facilities *without charge*" to give the other side since, he contends, "this program obviously presents only the Republican side of partisan controversies and features only Republican candidates for offices." No answer had come from the station as we went to press. The ABC network has been given notice that unless a satisfactory reply is received by February 18, a formal complaint will be filed with the FCC.

California Democrats have laid down a challenge which needed to be made—to the station owners carrying the "Facts Forum" shows to abide by the Code of their own National Association of Broadcasters—and to the FCC to follow the spirit of previous findings.

The NAB Code of 1939 recommends that broadcasters should not sell time for discussions of controversial issues: "Should time be sold for the discussion of controversial public issues and for the propagation of the views of individuals or groups, a powerful public forum would inevitably gravitate almost wholly into the hands of those with the greater means to buy it." The growing spread of the "Facts Forum" programs illustrates the NAB's point. It must be stated, however, according to network circles, that two other TV chains turned down the "Washington Calling" show before the ABC stations succumbed to the revenue it would bring.

> Insofar as a program consists of discussion of public questions [the Third Annual Report of the FCC stated] public interest requires ample play for the fair and free competition of opposing views, and the Commission believes that the principle applies not only to addresses of political candidates, but to discussion of issues of importance to the public.

Dicta in subsequent decisions of the Commission would seem to condition the right to such "fair competition" on the ability of the opposing party to pay. The California National Committeeman takes the stand, however, that "the California Democratic Party does not have available funds to purchase the necessary time" and further, "I do not believe that our right of access to the air waves of this country depends upon the amount of money available."

The complaint that seems headed for the FCC is no minor partisan maneuver. At issue is far more than ending a trick for disguising propaganda, although its value to McCarthy Republicans is not slight. "Well over a million dollars of free radio and television time are given 'Facts Forum' each year because it says it is a 'nonpartisan' educational organization doing a 'public service,' " the *Providence Journal* investigation of Hunt's operation disclosed.

The larger problem is to find some method for equalizing access to radio and television—either by limiting the number of national broadcasts allowed each party, or by requiring stations to provide X amount of free time to campaign speakers as part of their licensing requirement.

The British find it satisfactory to give the two major parties limited and precisely equal amounts of time on BBC to use as they wish—with lesser time for the Liberals. In the last general election Labour and the Conservatives were allotted three appearances of one-half hour each on the television network and an equal amount on radio. Public interest did not seem to suffer from the less than saturation broadcast schedule: 30 percent more eligible voters turn out there than in the US.

The broadcast industry, of course, will resist any proposal which would result in loss of revenue. (National candidates spent more than $6 million for radio and TV time in 1952 and the amount could be twice that in 1956.)

But $150 million was spent in the 1952 national elections, experts estimate. And Sen. Paul Douglas frankly says that a statewide race in any populous state costs at least $250,000. To cut that huge and fastest rising segment of the political budget, the allotment for radio-TV, seems essential if the independent candidate lacking great wealth of his own is to be able to stay in politics.

A workable plan for equalizing access to the home radio and TV set will be difficult to perfect.

As a beginning, we need from the FCC new definitions of what it will require the stations to do and more attention to making the requirements stick. And a Congressional study of the entire subject of campaign expenditures has been postponed far too long.

Because we consider it so urgent to reach agreement on practical ways of cutting the high cost of participation in politics, the *NR* will return to the subject frequently.

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DICTATOR FRANCISCO FRANCO has been increasingly bold since Washington implemented a "peripheral (Radford line) strategy" for the defense of Europe. Geography indicated that one anchor of this line should be Spain. And this fact—which forced the previous as well as the present Administration to negotiate with Spain—has now permitted Franco to break out of the political isolation which has been his since the death of his good friend Adolph Hitler.

Now Franco has challenged the British and the French positions in the Mediterranean. The British are told to get out of Gibraltar. More important the French are threatened with the establishment under Spanish protection of a rallying point for anti-French elements in North Africa. By refusing to recognize the authority over Spanish Morocco of the new French-appointed Sultan, Franco can exploit native resentment of French Colonial policy—and US support of that policy in the UN—and play the role of "Protector of the Faith."

That there is a connection between the US-Spanish treaty and Franco's new boldness seems evident. Just what this connection is, is the subject of the following pages.

Franco—Anchor Man on the Radford Line

by Frank Gorrell

SPAIN WAS chosen by the Pentagon as the terrestial anchor in Southwestern Europe of the Radford Line because of the assumption that geography and General Franco combined to make the country a strategically strong and a politically safe base for the "long haul" and the New Look in the Mediterranean. It was a sound assumption—so far as it went.

No matter how well or badly other risks might be calculated, the facts of geography were dependable. The Pyrenees would remain if not beyond the range of future Soviet fighter planes then at least a distant and difficult hurdle for them. The Pillars of Hercules, bestriding the Straits of Gibraltar through which the new weapon carriers of the US 6th Fleet need free passage, would continue to be dominated by the Spanish land mass.

But the Pentagon should have considered psychology, too, particularly the historically obvious fact that it is in the nature of a dictator's appetite to grow with eating. The Spanish-American "arrangements" were a big meal in power, prestige and, not least, in dollars. Franco himself called them the greatest triumph—paired with the new Concordat—of his regime. Moreover, by telling his intimates that through them he had finally avenged Manila, Santiago and San Juan Hill, he plainly suggested that for him they were a beginning, not an end.

So the Pentagon's assumption didn't go far enough. It didn't take fully into account the Caudillo's Oliver Twistian taste for more power and his talent—shown in the days of Adolf Hitler—for bold blackmail to satisfy it. And therefore it fell short of the possibility that Spain's man of safety might become a danger in the Mediterranean.

The targets of the renewed claim to Gibraltar and the new effort to split the Northern zone of Morocco away from the Sheriffian Empire seem to be Britain and France. That in fact is the version put forward by some of the Falange (Fascist) newspapers. They have been boasting of the "joint crusade" of most Catholic Spain and the Moslem states of the Arab League against the "old-fashioned, teetering imperialism of Britain" and the "drowsy colonialism of France."

This version however is no more dependable than the anti-British demonstrations in Spanish cities and the anti-French ones in Tetuan were spontaneous. Both merely provided angle shots in the manner of the Mussolinian "popular" demands for Corsica and Tunisia. The real target of the synthetic campaign of irredentist nationalism and of the bold blackmail is the United States herself.

Franco doesn't expect to make the British give up Gibraltar or the French to take lessons in colonial democratization from him.

What Franco wants from the US is to be considered the equivalent of Konrad Adenauer, to be the second of a politico-military pair of Pillars of Hercules bestriding together the whole of Western Europe. He wants his Spain to be chosen in preference to France (if not Britain) as the favored instrument of US policy along the Radford Line that runs from Ceuta to Suez, and from the "special weapons storage" places (meaning atomic bomb depots and bases) in Iberia to similar places in Moslem Iraq, Iran and even Pakistan. The meal he got by being politically safe is to be made a feast by being politically dangerous.

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Franco is working on the assumption that any further British or French weakness which he can reveal or produce in the Mediterranean area will frighten or induce the Americans into entrusting more strength to Spain. Hence his new demand for Gibraltar is both a parallel and a support for General Naguib's renewed terrorist agitation about Suez. As was to be expected, London was cold to the point of phlegmaticism: Queen Elizabeth will make her visit to Gibraltar no matter what Franco may say or do.

The reaction of Paris on the other hand showed more hysterical panic than might have been expected. The note to Madrid about the Tetuan demonstration showed signs of haste, the "showing of the flag" by a massing of the fleet in Moroccan waters was worse; and worst of all was the decision to prevent ex-Sultan Mohammed V of Morocco from being "liberated" in Corsica by sending him halfway around the world to a remote place of exile. This last was a step that showed both fear and a guilty conscience. Better still, from Franco's point of view, it tended to confirm France's self-confessed weakness in the Mediterranean.

Unlike the Pentagon, Franco has gone far enough in his calculation of risks to leave himself escape routes if the blackmail fails. While students were screaming insults and throwing stones at British official buildings in Madrid and other Spanish cities, a high-ranking Spanish general was drinking (on official orders, of course) a toast to Queen Elizabeth in Gibraltar itself. The Spanish Chess Foundation broke off relations with the British Chess Federation as part of the "popular indignation" over the "affronts and insults to Spanish dignity" orchestrated not only by the Falange newspapers *Arriba* and *Alcazar* but also by the Monarchist *ABC* and the Catholic *Ya*. But there was no serious indication that Spain intended to imperil her economic relations with Britain, her best customer.

In Morocco, General Garcia Valino can be repudiated if necessary. Reasons apparently different from his conduct in Tetuan could be invoked: he is a Monarchist and, ranking next in seniority to Franco himself, is a potential rival. Nevertheless, the harm to the French—who did in fact violate treaties by deposing Sultan Mohammed without previously consulting Madrid—would remain. And so would the benefit to Spanish prestige in the whole Moslem world.

The fuss about Gibraltar and Morocco serves other purposes too. It tends to divert attention from the fact that the Caudillo has given to the US a number of potential super-Gibraltars on Spanish soil. This is a useful, even a necessary diversion. For many Spaniards—the least Communist among them—don't like the deal with Washington. And many others, liking it too much, are already squabbling about who is to profit from the flow of dollars it is to bring.

A not-incidental aspect of the dictator's desire to get more power abroad from the US is the fact that his regime is less strong and safe at home as a direct result of the treaties with the US. Labor troubles have increased, especially in Catalonia: the prospect of more US dollars has made it harder to deny the workers' demands for better wages. The Congress of the Falange organization, the first since 1939, brought out into the open a growing split between the Fascists on the one hand and the Monarchists on the other. The open quarrel between Fernandez Cuesta of the Falange and Calve Serrer showed that the opposition is getting so much support from leading businessmen, industrialists, generals and high prelates that it dares to call itself a "third force."

In this context, the phrase really means first call on the US dollars. Big businessmen in Barcelona have already taken the risk of making direct contact with the US economic mission despite the government's warning against such "private enterprise." An undeclared war has started between the Spanish equivalents of the two wings of the Republican Party in the US. Franco is bound to have more trouble with his "monolithic" regime than General Eisenhower with the GOP. And it is questionable, to say the least, whether what turns out to be good for him is also sound and safe for the US New Look strategy in the Mediterranean.

Madrid Moves to Mecca

by Ray Alan

So Franco has at last plucked up courage and revealed himself to an incredulous world in the Mussolinian pose of "Protector of Islam." The decision to ape his political godfather on this slippery plane has taken some five years to mature. During this period Franco's own daughter Carmen and Foreign Minister Alberto Artajo have toured the Near East, while the late King Abdullah and other Arab notables have visited Madrid.

The Arab ministers and diplomats who were in Cairo for the session of the Arab League Council, forewarned of Franco's intentions, promised their full support, though the more intelligent of them are aware that their complicity in this shoddy swindle is bound to cast an unflattering light on their own political honesty. Knowing North Africa fairly well I have spent many hours discussing its problems with leading Arabs in several Near Eastern countries. Most I found appallingly

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ignorant of conditions there, but the few who had delved a little deeper than the *Istiqlal* movement's handouts admitted that whereas the average Moslem's lot was happier in French North Africa, on the whole, than in, say, Egypt and Iraq, even these two states afforded their people higher living standards than Spanish Morocco. Members of the Arab League secretariat agreed that Franco's Moslems are probably the most wretched on earth.

The most recent visa for Spanish Morocco in my passport is dated a little over 18 months ago, but a territory which had been so neglected in the previous 40 years is unlikely to have changed beyond recognition in this short interval. My impression of Franco's Moors was of a people crushed and cowed beyond even hope—oppressed, depressed, diseased and hungry. Small children scarcely able to stand begged in fierce competition with wizened old women. Arab informants spoke of wartime and postwar famines that had reduced the population of some Riff villages by a third, and hinted of "concentration camps" into which starving tribesmen had been herded to die uncared-for and unseen. The *Falange* and army having established in Morocco branches of their respective graft and black-market organizations, what little grain and other supplies Madrid did release to ease the situation rarely reached the victims of its policy.

Although I personally was not shadowed any more persistently than during the first few hours after my arrival in Tunis, two months earlier, I heard convincing reports of secret-police activity, arbitrary imprisonment and official beatings-up (including administration of the *bastinado,* rare these days outside Persia and Arabia) on a scale quite beyond comparison with the odd instances of rough justice occasionally meted out in the African territories of Britain and France. In garrison towns the Moors must come to attention when the Spanish flag is raised and lowered and when an officer passes by. As so often happens, it is the victims of the tyranny who must finance it, three-quarters of locally raised revenue coming from the native population: a third of this goes to finance the Spanish military occupation (Moorish sources say there is a Spanish soldier or policeman for every four male Moslems in the zone) while the princely allocation of three percent is devoted to native education.

A political tie-up between Franco and the Arab League is, nevertheless, grimly appropriate. The *Caudillo* has reduced his own noble nation to a Near Eastern level of squalor and corruption. North Africa apart, the beggars, shack-dwellers and venal officials and officers of Madrid and Barcelona have no real equivalent west of the Nile delta. Like his Arab League allies, Franco needs external enemies and excitements to distract his people from domestic discontent: the youthful hotheads of Madrid, like those of Cairo and Damascus, must be allowed to let off steam by smashing British and French windows lest they discover even handier targets. Moreover, anti-French and anti-British capers are particularly useful at the moment in occupying the minds of nationalists who might otherwise brood over the question of US bases—already being described in Falangist circles as "little Gibraltars."

Unfortunately, neither Franco nor the Arab League, in its present stage of development, has any positive contribution to make to current world affairs; but they have everything to gain by inflating each other's nuisance-value. Further, their mutual back-scratching permits both Franco and the Arab leaders, whenever domestic critics urge a more fruitful foreign policy, to point to the useful ally that has been won at the opposite end of the Mediterranean.

The *entente* does hold out expectations of usefulness on both sides. One of the aces Sr. Artajo played repeatedly during his tour of Arab capitals was the Latin-American vote at UN, which Arab leaders firmly believe will henceforth be at their service, through Franco's good offices, whenever their periodic disputes with Israel, Britain and France make the agenda. The Caudillo, for his part, is counting on his friendship with the Arab League to insure him against *Istiqlal* activity in his zone of Morocco and put the Asian-African vote at his disposal in the event of UN discussions on Morocco or Gibraltar.

SPANISH officials in Morocco freely admit that their zone is no great asset—it should either be expanded to take in French-administered territory or abandoned. (Primo de Rivera was willing to trade it for a slice of French West Africa.) Just after the fall of France and again in 1942 the Spanish authorities, led by their intelligence to believe that French Morocco was theirs for the taking, marched troops to the frontier and organized anti-French demonstrations, but Rabat remained unimpressed. In 1949 the late King Abdullah, seeking to avoid a clash between his two sons after his death, discussed with Franco a harebrained plan to give the younger, Naif, the "throne" of Spanish Morocco, at the expense of the legitimate Khalifa of Tetuan whose subservience to the Spanish authorities had made him desperately unpopular in the zone. (Franco was at that time hard at work whittling down the authority of Sultan Sidi Mohamed ben Yusef, whose cause he is now championing.) Despite the damage it would have done to Anglo-French relations—the part that may have appealed most to Franco—Abdullah was apparently convinced he could sell the scheme to British Foreign Secretary Bevin (himself just emerging, battered and bewildered, from a "Protector-of-Islam" phase), but he never had an opportunity. The Arab League secretariat leaked the project in circumstances highly unfavorable to Abdullah, the British information services issued a denial of the whole thing on Abdullah's behalf (without consulting him) and within a week it was dead.

Today Franco seems willing to help the Arab League, *Istiqlal* and the Communists duplicate Kenya conditions in the French zone in an all-for-nothing gamble. A call has gone out from Tetuan (capital of the Spanish zone) for repudiation of the French-sponsored Sultan Sidi

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Mohamed ben Arafa, and the Spanish authorities have channeled over the zonal border supplies of leaflets violently attacking France and proclaiming: "Soon there will be widespread guerrilla operations in French Morocco; soon the soldiers of colonialism will be falling by the thousand!" The leaflets are largely a reprint of an editorial in the January 22 issue of the Arabic daily published in Tetuan under close Spanish control.

What does Franco hope to gain from disorder? Possibly he imagines that, sponsored by the Arab League and Latin America, maybe even fortified with US and UN goodwill, he might be able to step in as peacemaker and obtain the restoration of Sidi Mohamed ben Yusef, whom the French deposed last summer. Sidi Mohamed, after finally dislodging the French, might then be expected to grant Spain, in return for services rendered, some of the economic and strategic advantages forfeited by France. As the restored Sultan would probably need Spanish military support against the Berbers of what used to be called, before Lyautey unified Morocco, the *Bled es-Siba* ("the area of disobedience"), Franco's imperial gains could be considerable. At a bound he would have made something like a power of Spain once more—a power more fortunate than France and Italy in not being embarrassed by a mass Communist Party able at critical moments to exert paralytic pressure on internal politics. This is a consideration that would inevitably work in Franco's favor in the Western world, even in circles not normally sympathetic to totalitarianism.

THE success or failure of Franco's Moroccan gamble may be decided by the evolution of French-American relations during the next few months—a topic on which Madrid is clearly indulging in a fantastic degree of wishful thinking. According to official Spanish circles in Paris, the Madrid Foreign Office is convinced that the US Government will very soon lose patience with France and demote her severely in the councils of the Western allies. Madrid does not expect France to ratify the EDC treaty and takes it for granted that the "agonizing reappraisal" of US policy in Europe promised by Mr. Dulles will provoke the French to a similar reappraisal of their role in Indo-China. Relations between Washington and Paris would then head straight for the rocks. Add to this likely development, Spanish circles say, the Pentagon's reported preference for bases around the periphery of Europe rather than massive commitments in the heart of the continent, and Spain's growing significance to Washington can be appreciated: "Together with Latin American and Arab League support it should be more than sufficient, in the event of a direct diplomatic showdown with France, to tip the scales in our favor. . . ."

As if to provoke Washington to a more ardent courtship, Madrid is, nevertheless, playing hard to get. Franco's regime continues to show not merely contempt for but belligerent hostility to democracy and Madrid Radio continues to put out nightly programs in French, Arabic and other languages whose sole purpose is to discredit the four freedoms. I have heard French transmissions from Madrid that are quite indistinguishable from the French Communist Party's broadcasts *Ce soir en France* (beamed into France by Cominform transmitters).

Alberto Artajo

Marquesa de Villaverde

Franco's goodwill ambassadors to the Moslem world.

The agitation over Gibraltar being carried on simultaneously with Franco's Moroccan intrigue is not quite the gratuitous coincidence it might appear. In return for his lip-service to the Arab thesis on Suez and French North Africa, Franco has obtained from the Arab League states a promise of all possible political and propagandist support in securing a British evacuation of Gibraltar. The issues of Gibraltar and Suez have long been linked in Spanish and Near Eastern—and many British—minds; it has been taken for granted that if Britain can be shoved from one she may well topple off the other. Whitehall, while not necessarily agreeing, has shown itself alive to the danger and has done its modest best to discourage a Spanish-Arab get-together. British official broadcasts in Arabic have condemned Franco's dictatorship in no uncertain terms (though there has been nothing like a sustained campaign in the manner of Madrid Radio's Anglophobia) and described his Moorish subjects as "suffering under a double affliction —fascism and colonialism, each at its worst." A broadcast from London to North Africa in the third week of January compared Franco to the frog in Aesop's fable that tried to puff itself up to the size of an ox.

In their more sober moments, informed Arab leaders and Arab League officials would agree with this description of the Spanish dictator. But they see no harm in using him to lever the French out of Morocco in much the same way as Britain was spurred, with tantalizing hints and half-promises, to speed France on her way out of Levant. Domestic political considerations, above all the need to keep their own subjects entertained with a picturesque anti-imperialist sideshow, sway their interest in Morocco far more than any altruistic concern for the Moors—mostly Berbers, anyhow, contemptuous of the less intelligent, less industrious Arabs and indifferent to the myths of pan-Arabism. That the Moors might emerge from the present *pagaille* under Franco's domination, far worse off than they ever were under republican France, will cause no sleepless nights in Cairo.

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Who Censors Your Movies?

Hollywood wants to grow up, but local politicians and reformers cite the "eternal verities."

by Walter Goodman

CENSORSHIP of the movies—official and not so official—has been struck from two directions in recent weeks: In Washington the Supreme Court hammered another nail into the coffin of state censorship—Justices Black and Douglas hammering most vigorously; in Hollywood Mr. Samuel Goldwyn and Mr. Eric Johnston exchanged words about the film industry's own do's and dont's.

But the spirit behind the New York censors' ban on *Latuko*, filmed on a Museum of Natural History expedition, because natives in the Sudan wear less clothes than New Yorkers, and behind the movie industry's frowning at *The Moon Is Blue* because such words as "pregnant" and "seduce" are said out loud—this spirit dies hard. The censorship coffin is by no means shut tight and the Breen Office has a considerable way to travel before it can meet Mr. Goldwyn's modest suggestions for code renovation. For proper perspective on the links between these two spheres of moral judgment one must go back about three decades.

In 1922 a group of very rich and very worried men from Hollywood—not yet initiated into the mysteries of psychoanalysis—offered the most prominent Republican in the country $100,000 a year to solve their problems. Will Hays accepted the offer in a Washington hotel, resigned as Postmaster-General and went to work to save the motion-picture producers and their industry.

The moguls had good cause for anxiety over their collective future in that year. Internally, their producer-distributor-exhibitor system was in chaos. Externally, and far more nerve-wracking, public and private organizations were clamoring for film censorship. Revulsion against an unchecked flow of suggestive pictures, sensational advertising and blaring page-one descriptions of how the stars passed their off hours had culminated with the Fatty Arbuckle affair and, throughout the country, was being channeled into pressure for regulation of the movies.

Seven states had already set up their own boards of review, which disturbed producers not so much because of any inroads on their constitutional freedoms but simply because board members apparently never ventured outside their own bailiwicks. One inland state turned thumbs down on a beach scene which was welcomed by another renowned for its bathing resorts. One board, presumably defending minority rights, cut a portion from *Disraeli* because the Prime Minister was therein referred to as a Jew. *The Scarlet Letter* was banned elsewhere for implying that a clergyman could be immoral.

Pennsylvania disapproved of a story about industry on the grounds that "child-labor and factory laws of this state make incident shown impossible." Ohio reviewers cut from *The Gilded Lily* scenes of a girl smoking in too suggestive a manner. The following bit of dialogue too was expurgated: "I'm a little prairie flower growing wilder every hour." Cecil B. DeMille lamented that his version of *Carmen* was censored by 30-odd groups in the United States—no two for the same reason.

To add to the confusion church and civic groups, women's clubs, lawyer's organizations, social workers, teachers—all joined in to defend their own interests and professions from being maligned on the screen, and the quailing producers, recalling the baseball industry's gambit after the Black Sox scandal of 1920, sought a champion, who would be to the movies what Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis was to baseball. They chose carefully and, as it turned out, wisely.

Will Hays, a Republican Party worker since his teens, had managed Harding's victorious campaign and had, inevitably, been rewarded with the Postmaster-Generalship. An Indiana lawyer-politician, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a teetotaler, a non-smoker and an extraordinary public-relations man, the new President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America set his organization up as the defender of decency, freedom, truth and the American way—a "formidable task," said the *New York Times*, in view of "the fly-by-night producers willing to dramatize crime, passion and bloodshed on the screen."

Hays earned his $100,000. Three months after being hired, he called together representatives from some 60 organizations—including the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the National Council of Catholic Women and the Boy Scouts of Amer-

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Walter Goodman has recently returned to this country after two years in England—where he was impressed with the quiet way in which film censorship can be handled.

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ica—and asked them to give the movies a chance to self-purify. Reporters from papers all over the country were invited to Hollywood for conducted tours to see for themselves how the residents of that almost monastic community really lived. The stars were encouraged to keep their private lives private. In a real political triumph, Hays engineered a 1922 referendum overthrowing the Massachusetts censorship bill—the first in a line of successes leading up to the latest High Court decision.

Now Hays was ready to reveal the producers as defenders not merely of their bank accounts but of an ideology. "The motion-picture business objects to political censorship for one great reason," the former politician wrote in 1923. "Because it is un-American." He evoked the Pilgrim Fathers landing at Plymouth Rock, the Minute Men at Concord, the heroes of the Boston Tea Party as the forebears of these new fighters for freedom by whom he was employed. In a sense, he was here setting the theme for subsequent court arguments against local legislation.

His philosophy was a simple, homely one. Movies were made for the "entertainment-loving people of this country." Government censorship was unnecessary because "right is right and wrong is wrong and men know right from wrong." This axiom applied as completely to the movies as to all other human endeavors. Anyway, the films themselves compared "favorably with the best that is being produced in literature, the spoken drama, music or painting." So what was all the fuss about?

Proponents of censorship did not by any means quit the field but they were clearly losing the day. In 1923 one critic warned: "If the producers can again have untrammeled power to show the vicious, the lewd and sacrilegious without restraint, they will find that instead of having benefited by the repeal of legislation, they will have paved the way for wholesale boycott of their productions by the best elements of every society."

But the next few years belonged to the producers. By 1927, the year that the first set of "voluntary" regulations for the production of motion pictures was set up—composed of 11 "don'ts" and 26 "be carefuls"—the movies' champion had effectively stopped censorship movements in most states—the primary adversaries against whom he had taken up the gauntlet—had conciliated the church groups which had been in the fore of these movements, and had even had time to get the producers, distributors and exhibitors organized—so well organized indeed that they soon came under fire for violating the anti-trust laws and in recent years have been directed by the Supreme Court to *dis*organize somewhat. In 1924 Hays' employers were satisfied enough with his accomplishments in keeping the power to censor in the hands of the censored to boost his salary to $150,000.

A 1927 conference, organized by Hays, and held under FTC aegis, passed a resolution designed "to raise the moral tone of production to the highest standards, to eliminate deceptive titles, and to prevent misleading, salacious, and dishonest advertising." The way to do this was to avoid the use of "hell," "damn," "Gawd" and "every other profane and vulgar expression." Also forbidden was "licentious or suggestive nudity, in fact or silhouette" and such topics as white slavery, the drug traffic, childbirth, miscegenation, sex hygiene and the ridicule of the clergy. Here then, in this apparent triumph of the producers, was where Mr. Goldwyn's recent troubles began.

"Care must be exercised," cautioned the resolution, "to the end that vulgarity and suggestiveness be eliminated in treating such subjects as arson, fire arms, crime, hangings, electrocutions, smuggling, sedition, seduction, surgery, the sale of women, marriage and excessive or lustful kissing, particularly when one character or the other is heavy."

The talkies brought with them new problems, new protests and new regulations, culminating in 1930 in the 12 commandments of the Production Code Administration—drafted by the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., and Martin Quigley, a motion-picture trade-paper publisher and a Catholic. The Code, reaffirmed in 1933 in an effort to dam a fresh splurge of protests resulting from the producers resorting to old tricks as an antidote to the depression, contained three major clauses: No picture was to "lower the moral standards of those who see it"; portray other than "correct standards of life"; or ridicule natural or human law.

Its commandments covered: crimes against the law; sex; vulgarity; obscenity; profanity; costume (nudity, indecent exposure); dances; religion: location ("treatment of bedrooms must be governed by good taste"); national feelings; titles (no salacious, indecent, or obscene ones); repellent subjects (notably hangings, third degrees, brutality, surgery and the sale of women). A code for advertising pursued the same ends, and in 1934 a $25,000 fine was thrown in presumably to discourage non-abiding producers.

But this time Hays was less successful in his efforts toward an oligarchy of producer-censors, and a group which was to achieve far more direct power in this field than state legislatures had ever aspired to brought its big guns against the industry. In 1933 His Excellency, the

Limiting Censorship

In seeking to apply the broad and all-inclusive definition of "sacrilegious" given by the New York courts, the censor is set adrift upon a boundless sea amid a myriad of conflicting currents of religious views, with no charts but those provided by the most vocal and powerful orthodoxies. New York cannot vest such unlimited restraining control over motion pictures in a censor. . . .

. . . We hold only that under the First and Fourteenth Amendments a state may not ban a film on the basis of a censor's conclusion that it is "sacrilegious." — From the Supreme Court decision, May 26, 1952, on New York's ban of the film *The Miracle*.

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Most Rev. Ameleto Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, told an annual meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities: "Catholics are called by God, the Pope, the Bishops and the priests to a united and vigorous campaign for the purification of the cinema."

A year later the Legion of Decency came into being and Catholics were asked from the pulpit to take an oath promising "to stay away altogether" from places of amusement which showed impure films as a matter of policy. Along with this threat of major boycott, the Legion issued a leaflet explaining how the morality of a motion picture may be judged. "When moral evil is portrayed in a film it should never be pictured as good, admirable or justifiable. And, conversely, moral good should never be proposed as evil, foolish or despicable." Reviewers for the organization are given special showings; upon finding that moral good is being made fun of, they recommend changes, which producers have in the past acceded to promptly. Moral ratings are given completed films. Sex education, of course, is banned *per se.*

Catholics are not the sole claimants to spiritual authority over such matters, however. The American Legion too has shown that it knows right from wrong—most loudly in its 1953 efforts, in co-operation with a body called the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, to block screenings of Chaplin's *Limelight.* Jewish groups entered the lists in keeping *Oliver Twist* out of movie houses some years ago. But these are only trespassers onto a domain where the Legion of Decency holds squatter's rights.

The Production Code Administration, long headed by Joseph I. Breen—he too a Catholic—follows the making of a film from the time a script is proposed through every potentially dangerous scene up to the final distribution. The Administration and the Legion of Decency have—on rare occasions—been known to differ. Thus, after vanquishing its official opponent, the industry finds itself infiltrated and controlled by a power which it euphemistically calls "voluntary."

The threat of petty official meddling having been gradually minimized by high-pressure public relations and a sympathetic High Court, some producers have been chafing at the bit of their own Code. Howard Hughes has twice released major productions without the MPA seal and Mr. Goldwyn warns that this tendency to bypass the Code will increase if it is not brought up to date.

Mr. Johnston, following the straight path marked out by Will Hays and walled in by the Legion of Decency, replied to Mr. Goldwyn in this way: "The principles of the Code are rooted in the Ten Commandments, which, as you surely recognize, are eternal and unchanging moral verities."

Now no one is going to take issue with eternal verities—and especially not with the one about the disfavor of a well-disciplined group being financially disastrous to a motion picture. What theatre owner, after all, is likely to ask a court injunction against his local priest for instigating a secondary boycott?

THE CODE will, after some talk, remain much as it is, under the moral eye of the Legion of Decency and other defenders of the True and the Good. Now and then, producers with busty young women under contract will violate the Code, get columns and columns of publicity, and cash in at the box office. And occasionally too—one may hope—independent individuals will make pictures that simply cannot fit into the Motion Picture Association of America's scheme of things and will release them without its seal of approval.

If Mr. Goldwyn is really concerned about the restraints now being imposed on his industry, theoretically by the industry itself, let him look to England which has official censorship—but only over exhibition, not over the writing or directing of the film. "U" films may be seen by anyone; "A" films may be seen by children under 16 accompanied by an adult; "X" films are forbidden to minors. Thus, children are protected and adults are treated like adults. Catholics, Jews, High Churchmen, Irish Nationalists and all others so inclined may refrain from submitting themselves to imperiling works and the rest of the population can go to hell in their own way. Perhaps Mr. Goldwyn will regard such a system as a full-circle return to the 1920's when all the trouble started— and there are valid objections to it. But if centralized in a carefully selected body with power to restrict but never forbid exhibition, the British system could give him the leeway he has called for.

Defining morality in terms of swear words, sex and just desserts, America's motion-picture Code has shown itself unable to prevent violence for the sake of violence or display for the sake of display, but remarkably effective in keeping controversy out of the movies. This and its success in cutting the ground from under local aspirers to the seat of moral judgment constitute its major achievements.

As long as our businessmen-producers cannot be trusted to restrain themselves—and everyone seems to agree they cannot be—and as long as special groups, whether of local politicians or reformers with eyes on eternity, can influence the making of a film or bar the completed version from the view of all, of whatever age and whatever beliefs, so long will we have pictures that cheat about hemlines but never venture outside the bounds of popular magazine morality.

Certainly some good pictures are made even within these bounds; but how many are not made because of them?

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Who Are the "True Believers"?

Within the Yugoslav Communist Party the hot debate continues.

by Alexander Kendrick

IT WAS *not* Tito, party leader and chief of state, nor Kardelj, party theoretician and first Vice-President, but Moshe Pijade, the party's old wheel-horse, who got beneath the surface of the Djilas case and exposed human relationships as one of its most important causative elements. Pijade presented his personal indictment of Djilas to the plenum of the party central committee summoned to pass on the case with the righteousness of a man who has himself never questioned a party directive.

He exhibited almost painful literal mindedness in analyzing the lengthy article "Anatomy of Morals," which really tore the Djilas case. As is well-known by now, this is the story of the young actress who married the brave general and found herself snubbed by all the general's friends for not having the same revolutionary background as they had. Djilas explained that this was a bit of creative literature and not factual reporting, and that he was telling a story that might have been rather than one that really was.

Pijade's anger, representative of the anger of many other members of the party hierarchy, was however amply justified by Djilas' description of the hierarchy as a series of "secluded circles connected by a spirit of solidarity, not arising from ideological or moral unity, but from the same way of living and similar interests, from the nature of power and the manner in which it was attained."

This 10,000-word narrative, appearing in the January issue of the magazine *New Thought,* described how the little actress had been "condemned by the world she illegally sneaked into"—"a world which participated in the war, fighting for power and our freedom, and after the war performed high functions, had automobiles and Pullman cars, got its food and clothing from special stores, spent the summer in special villas and resorts, and on the basis of all this was exceptionally meritorious and gradually became convinced that all this was so natural and logical that only notorious fools or obdurate enemies were not able to understand it."

In his story Djilas also assailed a system in which "the district secretary's wife was the most prominent lady in the district regardless of her intellectual and other qualities." His conclusion was that to keep out others "was the horrible logic or reality, of the hierarchy and privileges which had made selfish monsters out of once heroic women and men."

Speaking on behalf of the selfish monsters, Pijade pointed out that Djilas also had "a villa and two motorcars" and was better off materially than many of the others he had described as a repulsive caste. Pijade provided an insight into the economics of Communist journalism when he disclosed that Djilas had received 220,000 dinars ($7,500) for his *Borba* articles. ("Since December 20, 13 articles in 17 days!" he exclaims.)

Then came the real grievance. Pijade attacked Djilas for "freeing himself of every kind of [party] work," and declared that "while his closest comrades are sweating under heavy burdens of state and social work, he is just sitting and writing and writing, and as a recreation he walks as a democrat in the streets, and drinks in cafes."

Then Pijade explained the chief philosophical difference between himself and those like him and Djilas. "His concept of a free man is bohemianism. A man cannot become free by himself, as an individual. It is necessary that the whole of society become free."

The noted partisan fighter Vukmanovic-Tempo, one of Djilas' most intimate friends, put it perhaps most clearly when he said: "As long as Djido attacked various bureaucratic phenomena I had no objection, but when he attacked the whole party as bureaucratic, then factionalism was clear." Tempo undoubtedly spoke for most of those present when he added: "Struggle of thought must exist; there is no progress without it. But not in the party."

Another party veteran, Josip Cazi, representing party authority in the trade unions, said the main thing he objected to was "the Djilas tendency—that permanent tendency to make everything lax, to introduce doubt into everything, to make everything nebulous—today it is, and tomorrow it is not."

Although only the voice of Dedijer was raised openly and wholeheartedly in Djilas' defense at the plenum, several leading Communists confessed that they had also approved Djilas' ideas until the party had issued its communique of censure and summoned the plenum.

One of these was the director of *Borba,* Veljko Vlahovic, who said he had read all the Djilas articles before

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Alexander Kendrick is the commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System from Yugoslavia. This is the second of two articles.

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publication, and added "I must admit that fundamentally I agreed with them." Vlahovic said that later he had some doubts "when Djilas criticized party cadres." The director also revealed that while *Borba* had printed a few letters supporting Djilas, it had in fact received many such letters which it had not printed, "lest we appear to be taking a certain line." Vlahovic, who on January 1 had also become editor of *New Thought,* said that he had likewise read and approved Djilas' story about the actress and the general. "But," he explained ruefully, "now I realize it was a mistake." In the switching of positions that followed Djilas' ouster from the central committee, Vlahovic received Djilas' job as international contact man for the Socialist Alliance of Working People, the Yugoslav national front.

OF THE 15 hours devoted by the plenum to discussing the Djilas case, Djilas himself took less than a half-hour. He made an opening statement in which he said that his views had merely been put forth for discussion, and that although he did not affirm all his ideas to be "absolutely true, nevertheless I am personally convinced they are." Many of them, he said, undoubtedly would be modified "during the further development of a struggle of ideas." He expressed his conviction that party development had reached the stage "where discussions could be held without endangering unity." He said he was concerned with the unity of the movement and of the country "above all else" and felt that this unity was "not opposed to free thinking but can be realized through it." As for himself, he hoped to remain "both a free man and a Communist" and he could not believe the two things were "contradictory, or even separate."

Thus it is clear that Djilas did not recant, in the Moscow sense of the word. While admitting that he differed from most of his colleagues, he continued to think he was right and they were wrong. He denied abandoning Marxism or yielding to skepticism or cynicism. "Marx remains the basis of my position," he explained, "but certain ideological views, including Lenin's should be developed and even much changed." Incidentally he disclosed he had 10 more *Borba* articles to go, elaborating this theme, when his writing career was cut short.

The most Djilas would do was to concede possible error of judgment in not having consulted other heads about his articles, and in presuming to act as an individual without reflecting that a top party leader could not be an individual. "But I thought conditions were already such as to allow independent expression apart from my function," he said.

The upshot was that Djilas acknowledged his readiness to withdraw all statements "considered harmful by the leadership, regardless of my own opinions," and confessed that perhaps he had created the impression, unintentionally, of a split in the Yugoslav leadership.

It was Galileo saying, "Nevertheless, it does move," and Djilas' closing statement the next day was not much more of a recantation. As the result of the party plenum, he said, he had become more aware than previously that the party was essentially anti-bureaucratic, and after hearing of the sort of support he had unwittingly attracted, he realized that he either had to stop writing or else take responsibility for any reactionary movement that might form up. He denied once again that he was trying to build a faction, and he acknowledged that "during my whole party career, I have been busy with intellectual matters. Somehow I couldn't understand these administrative-economic matters, and could never find my bearings in them."

Thus the plenum ended, with Djilas stripped of all party and government positions save that of ordinary party member, and with his critics apparently appeased, whether they had attacked him for practical, ideological or personal reasons.

Nevertheless, despite the disciplinary action taken by the central committee, the reverberations of Djilas' intellectual forays are still felt, and the copies of *Borba* containing his articles continue to be circulated and read. Such excerpts as the following will continue to be quoted:

> We must learn to respect the opinion of others though it may appear to be foolish and conservative. We must also accustom ourselves to be in a minority even if we are right, without thinking that because of that Socialism and the revolutionary achievements are done for.
>
> The question arises whether the interest of a party, or group or leaders is and must always be identical with the people, society, and when do they enter into conflict? In the revolution, these interests in the main coincided. This is not so today. Today no party or group, not even a class, can be the exclusive expression of the objective needs of the whole society. The demand of the time, particularly under Socialism, is to weaken the monopoly of political movements on the life of the society. There is no road but the road of more democracy, freer discussions, freer elections, more adherence to the law.

Djilas' "struggle of ideas" has not taken quite the form he would have liked. It has been temporarily short-circuited, as an expedient which every leader in Yugoslavia recognizes to be an expedient. Djilas has had to be disciplined for wanting too much, too soon.

But this in itself is a token of the realistic attitude of the Tito group. The case of Comrade Djilas should not lead to hasty conclusions that democratic development has been halted in Yugoslavia, or that Tito has gone back to the path of Stalinism.

Whatever form Yugoslav democracy takes, and however it differs from Western democracy, it is a healthy sign when wide differences of opinion can be publicly expressed by Communist leaders on the subject of democracy itself. Another party plenum has been called to continue the discussion. Although the man who raised it has been dropped by the wayside, the "struggle of ideas" is far from a closed issue in Yugoslavia.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

THE MASTERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

by Robert Richman

IT IS PERHAPS one of the main paradoxes, and certainly the most interesting one in the modern art movement, that the basic aim of its leaders was to destroy the masterpiece theory and along with it the concept of the master in their attempt to refocus attention both of the artist and of the critical audience onto the work of art itself. Yet few if any periods in history are marked with more "masters" in any given fifty years, or few gave more adoration to its masters. All of them helped to form the modern theories as they worked at their art; and some few of them, instead of courting notoriety as Picasso has done, actually have tried and preferred to let the work of art and not their special personality be shown and known. To name some of these, without any attempt to evaluate their order or merit—Cézanne, Braque, Gabo, Henry Moore, Picasso, Mondrian, Yeats, Eliot, Henry James, James Joyce, Hindemith, Bartok, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Herbert Read, Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier.

It is more important to place these artists in their age, in relation to one another, in relation to the springs of art from which they stream, rather than to see them individually or to pass judgment on the excellence and value of their single or several works; for, to begin with, in no age in the history of art—in so short a period as half a century—has the interrelatedness of the several arts been so actual, so inherent, or so importantly marked by a conscious theory of art, not even in the Renaissance, nor in Byzantium. Though this interrelatedness did signify two great periods of art—the Sung Dynasty of China of the ninth to twelfth centuries and the Middle Ages of Western Europe from the late tenth through the thirteenth centuries. In these two great epochs of art, however, roughly 300 years were afforded the slow evolution of Sung or Mediaeval art, whereas less than fifty years were consumed in the swift revolt of Modern art.

In fact, it is precisely these two periods—the Sung and the Mediaeval—to which most of the twentieth century masters turned for part of their theory and a portion of their craft and technique. It is easy to see in modern literature in the English language, the turn to the Middle Ages for theory and practice (Eliot and Joyce to Dante and the Scholastics; Yeats to Byzantium); but it is easier to trace, in the visual and manual arts in England, the return under the aegis of Ruskin and Morris to the Pre-Raphaelites. It is noteworthy that Paul Hindemith and Bela Bartok have turned to the Gregorian Chant and to folk music; and that Hindemith especially has gone back there by the way of Scholasticism. Recently Mr. Hindemith was converted to Roman Catholicism in a way reminiscent of Mr. Eliot's conversion to Anglo-Catholicism. Each seemed in the analysis of aesthetic problems to confront religion, as Mr. Eliot with letters did in *The Sacred Wood* then so Mr. Hindemith with music did in *The Composer's World*. And by this I do not mean to imply a parallel.

Whereas Yeats' use of the Ideal he called Byzantium is explicitly stated in two of his poems—"Byzantium" and "Sailing to Byzantium"—and implied in *A Vision,* the use Naum Gabo, the Constructivist sculptor, has made of Byzantium in his work is hidden in his bloodstream and suggests that certain of his constructed sculptures were born from the impingement upon his senses of the Russian Icons which he saw almost daily in his boyhood and youth, and from the architecture of the village in inner Eastern Russia, where he was born. Since admittedly great artists do not borrow from the art of others or other civilizations, but rather steal from it, one may not expect to find their admissions; and I would tend to doubt any direct admission on the grounds that Shakespeare did not know when he stole from Montaigne, specifically because he was more attuned to fusing words and images into poetry than he was to the study of influences of the French essayists on the English poets in the Age of Elizabeth I.

Equally indirect yet also equally important has been the influence of the art of the Sung period—largely of scroll paintings, of drawings, and of pottery—upon the work of Cézanne, Frank Lloyd Wright, Henry Moore and Bernard Leach, the English potter. The Sung artists believed that a work of art should grow from the inside, the germ evolving into the large finished form or, as Mr. Wright demands, that a house should grow organically from the nucleus out to the finished landscaped surrounding the home. Sung artists also placed primary emphasis upon the excellence of the execution of a work of art—not in the restrictive and polished formal manner—but in the manner of the way in which the brush strokes showed not only a skill in control but a spirit of freedom as well. And the final ideal of the Sung artists was that the materials should delimit the form.

It is in pottery, one of the absolutes of abstract art, and in England, that the modern movement in the arts has had a continuity from the days of William Morris; and it is in the crafts—and again in England—that the influence of the Middle Ages and the influence of the Sung Dynasties meet. The descent is from the theories of Ruskin the philosopher, through Morris the designer, to Edward Johnston the letterer, to Eric Gill the stone-mason, to Bernard Leach and the late T. S. Haile the potters. These theories have come full circle in the writings of Herbert Read, who bespeaks Ruskin, the Middle Ages, and the Sung, and whose theories helped to shape the present generation of designers and architects in England, especially the town planners who try to make the new England of the International style blend into the old England of Tudor and Georgian houses, as in the works of Lionel Brett.

All these Sung influences were deep, and hidden, and major (they merged in the early 1910s with the Mediaeval or echoed it); these influences had to do with the way a man held his pen to paper, his chisel to stone, or his hand to the clay; not only this but how his materials were treated with simple respect and allowed to take shape organ-

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ically, as dew forms on the branch of a tree, rather than for the materials to be poured into some mold or pattern which had been handed down from the Renaissance without so much as a question being asked by maker or by user whether or not the design of the water pump on the farm, for instance, or the bathtub in a fashionable Fifth Avenue home, or the legs of a very old Singer sewing machine really did have to look like Renaissance grillwork found on the gate of a late sixteenth century Italian formal garden. The concept that form follows function, materials express form, and line follows form—so peculiarly the property of architectural theory since the days of Louis Sullivan's *Kindergarten Chats*—these men in England were learning daily. And they had allowed their fingers to memorize the lesson and to make the theory into their daily involuntary habits of execution be it the chair of Morris, the lettering of Johnston, the stone carving of Gill, or the bowls of Leach.

Moreover, these influences have shown up persistently and beautifully in the best of modern architects in America, especially in their use of native materials, where Frank Lloyd Wright stands with his mantle on his shoulders apart from and beyond the movement. The Sung ideal imprinted itself forever in Wright's consciousness when he lived in Japan in the early part of the century and learned the importance of materials and techniques to a concept of form, both as they were united in the native module architecture of Japan, which he was to steal in the special and privileged way artists must have and was to make into his own, and from the Sung standard as Buddhist Japan had altered and theorized upon it. Moreover a literary and ethical tradition influenced Wright's architecture: the Sung ideals and standards were known and used by Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman: and from their Easternized writings Wright obtained much for his theory and sermons on architecture. In more than one sense, then, Wright is surely Emerson's self-reliant and transcendentally Ideal Man turned practicing architect.

The most salutary of all the uses of the past seems to me to be that which Cézanne made of the Sung standard: it shows itself most subtilely and most beautifully in those late landscapes which occupied Cézanne so much of his time from 1890 to his death in 1906. One thinks of "La Montagne Sainte-Victoire" and "La Montagne Sainte-Victoire, vue du chemin des lauves" in which his stroke is calligraphic and the color areas essentially make of the landscape a new and real creation on the canvas—a created work of painterly art in which nature is not represented but transformed. And the combinations of colors and strokes evoke that sense of imminence behind the visible in nature which the Sung painters made to be synonymous with God. The latter of these two paintings of Cézanne provides the actual link between the "new realism" and "analytic cubism" in that long progression from Manet through Seurat to Cézanne and Gauguin to Braque, even though to look at a Manet on one wall of the gallery and then at a Braque on another would never indicate a lineal descent and certainly not in a mere 30 years. But surely too Cézanne handed on the tradition of French classical painting to the generation who followed him —improved, brightened, and not diminished by the use of Sung methods. And his brush was picked up by Braque, who uses it in the classical manner for a more organic abstract art.

To determine the manner in which the master made use of his tradition had been the occupation ordinarily of the philosophers — of Aristotle discussing Sophocles' use of Homer. But the twentieth century masters have themselves primarily been discussing the manner of using their traditions. In an age such as ours when the major artists were in open revolt against the machine age and the mechanization of life it forced upon us, or when these artists are involved in another variety of open revolt against the authority of national, monarchial or totalitarian governments and regimes, or when the artists themselves are revolting against their immediate forebears—as Yeats threw off the Lord Tennyson—the problem of the artist using his tradition is an intricate one.

In the main, there has been a most conscious use of the Mediaeval tradition, with an emphasis on the doctrine of economy which in art pronounces that the least means shall be used to achieve the greatest end. In the work of Eliot and Hindemith where they connect with the past there seems to be a continuous system of roots, some deep some near the topsoil yet ever growing far down and back into the past. For Eliot, the main roots go to Dante, the legends of the Holy Grail, Spenser, Shakespeare, Donne, Dryden, Coleridge, Arnold, and James root by root through the succession of centuries from the thirteenth to the twentieth; for Hindemith, the roots are in Gregorian Chant, Orlandus Lassus, Josquin des Prés, J. S. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms and Max Reger. If Eliot and Hindemith make use of the bone structure and the nervous system of the tradition of European literature or music, Stravinsky and Picasso and the Surrealists took the voluptous flesh and senses from that tradition of music and painting. One can distinguish this tendency largely in their attitude towards form, as a contrived surface.

The Surrealist painters could take over a Bosch landscape and his gnomic colony without having any more than a mild surface likeness to Bosch; the mystic cult of flesh worshippers which barbed Bosch into his half real, half ritualistic *Millennium* triptych was not the motivation nor the purpose of the Surrealsts who copied him. Again the better approach in Surrealism was that of the painter Yves Tanguy, whose imagery was personal but whose methods stemmed from his own French tradition of classical painting—no copy here of Bosch or Breugel or Grünewald. The eclecticism of the poorer Surrealists was merely to use Bosch molds instead of Corot molds; and even though it is evidence of better taste to prefer Bosch to Corot, the Surrealists were still pouring plaster into molds—and only the molds were different. This is the exact opposite of the Sung standard.

In music, it is especially in his neoclassicism that Stravinsky parallels the Surrealistic. Stravinsky's writing is full of little ideas and mannerisms taken from Pergolesi, reshaped in the prefabricated molds of Mozart, as in *The Rake's Progress,* and dressed with smartly dissonant harmony and sensitive orchestration. In his non-classical work, Stravinsky creates synthetic primitive music as in *The Rite of Spring,* synthetic Mediaeval music as in his Mass which is based on Mauchault's Mass, synthetic Baroque as in the Septet, and synthetic Romanticism as in *Appolon Musagete.* In all of these facets of Stravinsky's work, the primary accomplishment and unifying element is his concern with surface.

Bartok used primitive rhythms as the foundation of his new and exciting idiom and often of his form, the primitive in-

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fluences having been assimilated and re-expressed in a music that is integrally primitive in rhythm, autogenetic in line, and thus modern in form and idiom. Picasso on the other hand was equally adroit and expert in painting as though he were an African Primitive, or ancient Altamira muralist in a cave in Paris, or a Degas with elongations and a blue palette; or a Catalonian painter; or a Hellenic linear draftsman; or a Cubist or a Surrealist. To list these is not to denigrate Picasso; it is merely to show one use of the past, and I think an inferior eclecticism. But in his great *Guernica,* all of his various styles and technics were fused into an essentially integrated style and form. The same is true to lesser degrees in his other better works; yet he can turn back to mimicry at once when he is confronted with pottery and unashamedly will decorate a jug as though it were a painter's canvas even if the shape were that of a water bag. However, in more recent years Picasso, in the presence of the ancient tradition of pottery at Vallauris in France, has come to understand form in pottery, to respect it, and to submit his personality to the artifact, all of which is to the credit of this vital and enigmatic master.

We are back again to pottery and the utensils and the furniture, and the house, and the implements of living, as it were, man's everyday art. It is one of the most significant merits of the age to show that the concern for a better poetry or a better music is meaningless unless those who make and design the "everyday art" have similar aims and similar standards. Thus Morris and Ruskin and Alvar Aalto, the Finnish furniture designer, and James Prestini, who turns wooden bowls on his lathe, are brothers in kind in this revival of the Mediaeval and Sung standards—treatment of materials and respect for organic forms both in architecture and poetry, knives and forks, monuments and murals, pots and pans, or tragedy. It was once so in Sung China. And it must always be that this single standard cannot be laid on by hands from above, nor achieved by a legislation nor by any other prescriptive order either from the heads of church or state. It comes from artists working with a singleness of purpose on the lowest level and a single aesthetic for judgment on the highest.

In the best of the art of the past, the singleness of purpose and the single standard of aesthetics for utensils or for poetry was the product not of an academy's rules nor any other such prescription: it flowered from a central philosophy where the oneness was chosen by the artist as freely as he might have chosen his next breath. The important condition for the artist was that a unity existed between his religion, his government, his philosophy and his aesthetics.

Although in the twentieth century there is not the unity of these four as it would seem there was in the Greece of Plato, or in the Christian Middle Ages of Aquinas, there is today a unity of a special kind: it is in the very philosophic investigations themselves trying to establish what is reality? how does the ideal differ from the real? or the real from the actual? The philosophic systems of Whitehead and Maritain who oppose those of the positivists and their herald Wittengenstein seem to have a more direct influence on the major artists today, who also seek to find the answers to such questions as what is real? what is art? what is form? what is illusion in a line, a word, a color, or a shape? In short, what is the bird Brancusi liberated from the cold stone?

The revolutionary change in all design related to architecture and town planning—art in industry, in objects for everyday use, and in advertising lay-out and graphic design—is everywhere apparent. School children recognize and usually like the "international style" in jet planes as well as in the United Nations Secretariat Building. Much of this is the result of the influence of Mondrian, the painter, and Naum Gabo, the constructivist sculptor. Only a comparison of one of Mondrian's late compositions in primary colors with the flat painterly façade of a Le Corbusier apartment building in Paris—or of *The Column, 1923* by Gabo or his *Spheric Theme, 1937* with the industrial architecture of the nuclear fission plants—is needed to see their influence. But in a reciprocity, unobtainable by agreements yet special to the realm of art, Mondrian and Gabo were also influenced and refined by the best architects and designers—it is as though their own ideas were rayed out to architecture and refined in the process of being reflected back into their special genius. The same interplay exists between geometric abstract painting and sculpture and the well-designed fork we eat with.

This concern for dignity and economy of form, and for cleanliness of line, motivated the "geometric abstract art" of Mondrian and Gabo, Le Corbusier and the designers who work in the International style. As a corollary, there was another type of artist who mixed a deep concern for his materials with a respect for the organic growth of form in art; and Henry Moore, the English sculptor, as much as Frank Lloyd Wright, or Cézanne, or Braque is the master who has evolved another theory of abstract art—it is an "organic abstract art." In one of the finest uses of the Sung standard, Moore abstracts the form from his materials in a manner that is the direct opposite from the contrived surfaces of Stravinsky. The particular shape of Moore's *Reclining Figure, 1939* was determined by allowing the form to evolve out of the large elm log on the pattern of the grain lines of the wood; with modifications and adjustments to chalk on paper, even Moore's drawings have a special grain in their evolution of form.

Of all arts, literature was the most introspective in the half century for indeed there was not only the search for the proper form in poetry or fiction, for the central language, or for the words and rhythms of common speech; but there was a constant and evergrowing written record—a body of critical essays, theories, diaries and confessions—laid before us.

In all of the other arts, there has been a real preoccupation with a theory of art, but it has not rubbed off onto the practice of that art: theorists of architecture or of painting or of music are far outnumbered by the architects, the painters and the composers *per se.* In the literature written in English this century beginning with Henry James and —with the exception of Yeats and Hardy —continuing through Eliot and Joyce, who wove his theory into his fiction, it has been the custom among the first rank of authors in America and in England to compound their creative roles with critical roles.

Of more than unusual interest, and uniqueness otherwise, is the fact that in one artist the three characteristic concerns of all artists in the twentieth century were made carnate. Henry James was perpetually concerned with what he called "the central authority"; that is to say, through whom is the fiction to flow out of the story (the illusion) and into the conscious experience of the reader

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(the reality)—a debate, as it were, with the whole tradition of the novel. This debate with slight variations of terms and conditions appropriate and special each to his art, Hindemith, Cézanne, Eliot and Gabo each have held on other platforms. In the age of James, no other artist had a more pervading nor more conscientious sense of the role and the responsibility of the artist. None has ever probed further the remote caves and reaches of language as the materials of his art. And all this at a most unlikely time in the history of the arts: in the very teeth of Zola and the naturalistic novel; of Pater or Wilde and art for art's sake; of Howells and the Back Bay Brahmins; of Hardy and the determinists.

The influence of James must surely be felt, even if only by indirection, by whatever literate artist addresses himself to his art. James did not allow his criticism to interfere with his writing of fiction. Nor has Eliot, who under the influence of James, it seems to me, wrote that very special essay "Tradition and The Individual Talent." Eliot has been concerned with language and form really more than with questions of belief; he has always sought to write the most economical line approximating the language of the best in everyday speech. And with *The Wasteland, Ash Wednesday* and *The Four Quartets,* Mr. Eliot has shown concern with the music of his poetic lines and a concern for form which approximates the form of music. In his experiment both with the language of speech and with the autogenetic form, Mr. Eliot is facing two of the stalwart antagonists in the tradition of all literature: to keep a conscious control over the language and to force it into a formal contrivance as variegated as *The Four Quartets.* He does this in some of the most singing lines in poetry in English—all this in the metaphysical wrestle with the question of what is reality.

But the real "intolerable wrestle with words and meanings" was not Mr. Eliot's but James Joyce's. He took the whole of tradition as his province—the historic and the primordial, the conscious and the unconscious. And all in an attempt to do this: not only to make form equal idea in literature; not only to make materials equal form; but to make materials *be* idea. He had hoped, in the major but lovely failure of the twentieth century—*Finnegans Wake*—to let structure conform to the imaginative patterns, the rational patterns, and the biological patterns which inhere in the mind—consciousness itself, association, recall, memory, reverie; in short he tried to extract out of the very word *conform* the root *form,* so that neither the extraction nor the word would be noticed, so that the reality we read is coidentical with the reality of Joyce's being as he was actually writing *Finnegans Wake* and by substitution the reality of Mankind.

[With this issue, Robert Richman resigns as our Literary Editor; he will resume his full-time duties on October 1 as Director of the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Washington, from which he has been on leave of absence. In the interim, Mr. Richman is editing a book—*The Arts at Mid-Century*—which the Horizon Press will publish on May 1; he is writing a book of criticism, *Organic Procedures in the Arts,* and completing his volumes of *Poems,* both to be published in the Fall. —THE EDITORS]

A PERSONAL RECORD

IT IS ALWAYS a pleasure to read a novel by Joyce Cary, though never twice a pleasure of the same degree. He is one of the most dexterous novelists now writing, with an enviable command of styles and a truly original point of view. You never can predict his next turn; he may decide to adapt to his peculiar need the voice of Moll Flanders or the voice of Matt Bramble or, as in the present instance, the tone of a nineteenth century memoir. This is a legitimate and commendable practice. There is no need for every writer to keep up the pretence that the art of the novel begins with him and that his originality is total, pure and godlike. Mr. Cary has his own sort of originality. Moreover, he is witty and he knows the world. A certain high-minded desire for theory, perhaps of Puritan origin—that it is our duty to devote our minds to the study of ideas that will develop our abilities and benefit our lives, has had a wicked influence on the reading and writing of novels.

EXCEPT THE LORD, by Joyce Cary (Harper; $3.50).

Luckily, Mr. Cary has almost entirely escaped this influence. He knows that what we require first of all is to be charmed by the novel, to be intrigued, to have our passions attached to the story. To be able to work his spell, a novelist must *know* something. Mr. Cary knows. He knows painters, he knows Africans, he knows colonial officials, he knows painters and their models. A novel cannot matter to us if it fails to inform us about the elementary circumstances of the lives of its characters. The novelist need not flaunt the hero's socks continually at us, but he must be able to exhibit them on demand—the socks of Dmitri Karamazov, the socks even of Lambert Strether in *The Ambassadors.*

Modern British comedy, whether that of Evelyn Waugh in the novel or of Alec Guiness in the films, tends to be satiric and sadistic. It is filled with violence and death, murder and corpses; its humor comes from the mixture of finesse, manners, niceness and hatred. It is nostalgic, also, and while it pokes fun at the Edwardian fathers it expresses a passionate envy of their stable dignity. Mr. Cary's comedy, in books like *The Horse's Mouth* and *Herself Surprised,* is not of this fashionable kind but is more tranquil and indulgent; it is far less social and class-conscious and it is devoid of snobbery. Liberal, humanistic, it accepts the contemporary, it defends the possibilities of the man of the present, denies that it is so very bad to be what we are or that we are born to be condemned with the times. It asserts that there are powerful and original natures to be found still, that genius exists, that striving is not necessarily monomania, happiness not extinct, hope not unjustified. "The marvel is that millions deny all hope and boast themselves wise," Mr. Cary's Nimmo earnestly says in *Except the Lord.*

There is no comedy at all in this latest novel of his, I am sorry to report. Of course, there is no reason why a novelist should be required to write always in his best vein. On the contrary, he should be encouraged to diversify his talents and deny himself no attitude or point of view, serious or comic. But this book, the story of the childhood and early manhood of the son of an evangelical West Country stableman, is not one of his best. Neither wide nor deep enough, it does not invite the readers imagination to displace its full weight. No notable character emerges; the episodes are too brief. The book takes the form of the personal record of a national leader, and its style is more appropriate to a memoir than to a novel. I feel that Mr. Cary has accepted the convention too completely for the sake of its color;

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he ought not to have been so faithful to it. "I feared her government over me," Nimmo writes of his sister Georgina. The word "government" is an authentic one, and it is all very well to be authentic, but it does not do to sacrifice fullness for it, and our longing to know more of Georgina and her brothers is not satisfied by it. We learn of the father's arrest in a miner's riot and of his broken leg but through the narrow apertures of the memoir we cannot see, and consequently experience a considerable disappointment.

Nevertheless I read this book with admiration for Mr. Cary's power to create fictional situations out of a few hints, bits of knowledge and old memories.

Very good novels always give a sense of the pleasant harrassment of the novelist. He has more information than the novel can accommodate, we are made to feel. If he omits the details of X's Saturday night it is not because he doesn't know what happened—he most certainly does—but because he has space in his holds for only the most important items of cargo. *Except the Lord* does not go down to the Plimsoll-marks, but it sails pretty well, all things considered. It is not, like *Mr. Johnson* or *The Horse's Mouth,* one of Mr. Cary's great successes. He is far better at comedies than at histories, though always admirable.

SAUL BELLOW

DANSE MACABRE

THE UTOPIAN horror-story with a dissident hero seems to be a standard form by now, and about all reviewing can say about a new one is whether it is any more than the usual ultra-ingenious extension of present scientific circumstances and social institutions to the point of the uninhabitable. The form lends itself readily enough to Existen-

THE JOKER, by Jean Malaquais (Doubleday; $3.95).

tialist and Kafkaesque trimmings, and Malaquais exploits some of these in this book, but his real enlargement comes in basing his manner and method on E. T. A. Hoffman, on the brisk, ironical, citified *Maerchen,* and bringing Hoffmann's Mozartean prose up to date via the poetic and slang pyrotechnics of Raymond Queneau. The book may have been written in slightly different terms, but it comes out exactly in these.

It is a technical triumph and makes delicious reading, both as a convergence of several live traditions and as Malaquais' own idiomatic performance. His sense of plastic is as vivid as Hoffmann's, and his handling of hallucination and metamorphosis as brilliant. But his sense of psychological and moral intricacy is naturally greater. I think he has integrated this more modern material all but perfectly into the primary manner.

What sometimes disturbs the manner is the real seriousness of the issues, so there are passages of earnest eloquence, genuine pathos, and sometimes more symbolism than I personally go for, but the book as a whole keeps its verve and glitter of wit uncompromised, carries its Heavy Thinking lightly enough, and its depth does not interfere much with its surface, not at all with the blessed and characteristic certainty of structure.

One of the handsomest presentations is the hero's lost wife, Catherine, through his memories. She is certainly the most complete figure in the book, and occasions a magnificent passage which exhausts in Rabelaisian terms the topic, traditional since Flaubert at least and eminently elaborated by Proust, of "watching the beloved sleep." The book abounds in historical charms of this kind, but even read straight it is a beauty.

Once in a while the translation, by Herma Briffault, is too true to the letter and the manner sags; or it forces the manner. Still it is very good, considering that the English would have to be as sharp and sweet as Henry Green's to be perfectly right.

DONALD SUTHERLAND

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OLD POSSUM AT PLAY?

by Eric Bentley

THE THEATRE IS a place where it may be the supreme achievement of a T. S. Eliot to provide a good part for an Ina Claire. In *The Confidential Clerk,* Mr. Eliot has not given Miss Claire the funniest lines she ever spoke, or the most shrewdly characterized, but he has caught the speech rhythms of a rich lady with religious longings, and from these Miss Claire can make the highest of high comedy. Such precise timing, such delicate underlining, such subtle modulation from phrase to phrase and word to word are almost unknown to our stage today. Our younger actresses, whose hands creep so nervously about in so many directions, might watch the fewer but righter paths travelled by Miss Claire's. Our light comedians, who so regularly practice the double-take and other tricks of the eye and turning head, might profitably watch the quickness of muscle and attention by which Miss Claire avoids having her devices identified as tricks at all.

The rest of the performance at the Morosco is also impressive. Claude Rains offsets Miss Claire's light comedy with a persuasive piece of Ibsenite acting, pathetic and dignified (I don't think it's his fault if it doesn't quite come off). Joan Greenwood, if she is in some trouble with her more serious speeches, establishes her own bright color at moments when all around seems a little grey. This actress will be a splendid comedienne if she doesn't let her vocal peculiarity (an amusing croak, soft loud, loud soft) become her chief interest in life. Douglas Watson, though slightly too elocutionary, gives the most fully molded of the half dozen good performances I have seen him give in the past couple of years.

It is probably obvious from my report that the actors in this show seem to go their own way—though there is one, Mr. Newton Blick, who is exactly what the author conceived, neither more, like Miss Claire, nor less, like Mr. Watson. It is hard to gauge the director's work. One could praise E. Martin Browne for giving Miss Claire a free hand or blame him for failing to impose a single style on the whole performance. Possibly Mr. Browne tends to duplicate Mr. Eliot's old-maidishness rather than make up for it; yet the happy corollary of this is that the author suffers none of the betrayals he would have met with at the hands of almost any American director.

Is it a good play? I enjoyed myself, I followed every line with interest, once or twice I was moved, several times I was touched, I laughed sometimes, smiled often. Why should this have been the hardest evening to sum up and appraise that I've ever been confronted with?

That the play is grotesque is the least of it: the whole occasion is grotesque. T. S. Eliot's name is in lights on Broadway! Coriolanus asking the suffrage of the plebs is not a stranger spectacle than Eliot asking the suffrage of those whose "rave reviews" are reserved for *Dial M for Murder* and *The Seven Year Itch.* Not that Eliot is a Coriolanus: in some mad medley of humility and ambition he seeks to come to terms with his voters. The word on Broadway is that Mr. Eliot has written an ordinary commercial play and it is *too* ordinary.

That is Broadway's revenge. Or would be—if it were true. But if anyone should see *The Confidential Clerk* without knowing who wrote it, the last thing he would write in his diary that night would be: "Have just seen typical Broadway play." It is true that the play falls short of both its main objectives: it is neither a great poetic drama nor a great light comedy. It is completely *sui generis*—praiseworthy or not, according to your own position. My position being a reviewer's aisle seat, I must praise the play as more entertaining than 99 shows out of 100—and entertaining in a different way. I found it remarkable, for example, how quickly the fidgety Broadway audience settled down to listen to the lowpitched voices of Mr. Browne's actors and the sinuous, melancholy periods of Mr. Eliot's verse. If you like being talked to by an incurably didactic but suave, eloquent, and intelligent uncle, you will enjoy listening to *The Confidential Clerk.*

The extreme didacticism of the dialogue suggests that Eliot had a third objective: to say something. And some of us would have been glad to overlook his shortcomings as poet and comedian, had he seemed at grips with life or even in the grip of an idea. His best dramatic writing was done in the decade of propagandist theatre—the thirties—and was by way of a counterblast at the Marxists. The trouble with *The Confidential Clerk*—once you are past the first enjoyment of it—is that, though ideas are incessantly talked, there is no energizing and overmastering Idea. I don't say the play has no theme. I suppose the theme is the search for the tradition you are really in. (Since the hero's real father is a second-rate artist, the hero concludes he should resign himself to the same fate.) But I rather think my hesitancy in stating this theme is due, not to any sleepiness on my part or any reticence on Mr. Eliot's, but to the fact that theme, in this play, scarcely seems to matter. The farcical apparatus seems not to bring it into high relief (as in classic comedy) but to rub it out. Conversely, the farce is kept from natural eruption into laughter by the avuncular speech-making. If Mr. Eliot has a gift for thinking, and a gift for comedy, the two gifts frustrate each other.

What will *The Confidential Clerk* look like in the list of Mr. Eliot's own writings? As dramaturgy, it marks an advance over the previous plays in one respect: Mr. Eliot has come to see that a play needs a plot. Unhappily, a comic plot fails to justify itself when unsupported by comic rhythm, which is a fast, not to say, diabolical one; and Mr. Eliot, for all his larger qualities, seems, like his more fanatical admirers, totally to lack vivacity. In other respects, the dramaturgy is as limited as before—most notably, the characters are still too dim, too tame. The dialogue might have been put together by an accurate student of T. S. Eliot. The only relationship I could see to the poems was that the latter are sometimes paraphrased and watered down: the famous rose garden image of *Ash Wednesday* is explicated as by some New Critic. . . .

Am I saying that what Mr. Eliot is turning Shavian? He began his career as critic and dramatist in strong opposition to drama in prose and drama of ideas, that is, to drama by Bernard Shaw; *The Confidential Clerk* has all the earmarks of Shavianism as described by the early Eliot without any of the merits of the real Bernard Shaw. Perhaps there is some confusion in Eliot's attitude to the theatre? Does he like and despise it at the same time? The possibility reminds us less of Shaw than James, who said that in the theatre you always have to throw your cargo overboard to save the ship. What is happening to Mr. Eliot in these latter days? Is he busy throwing his cargo overboard? (And is that *really* necessary?) Or has he no cargo left to throw? Is he in decline? Or just playing possum?

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From Our Readers

► For a Free Press

There is no one who would be more concerned that the free press should survive than my great-great-great-great-grandfather, John Peter Zenger. In his name I send you this check. I only wish it were for thousands of dollars. The *New Republic* is playing a gallant part in the never-ending battle for truth and freedom.
Plainfield, N. J. JANET B. FINE

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I enclose my check in payment of your bill.

Why you should assume that I am in agreement with the views expressed in your paper simply because I choose to subscribe to it, I cannot fathom.
Akron, Ohio SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN

► Who Held the Bridge?

"Spartacus who held the bridge."—*New Republic*, January 25, page 2.

It was Horatius who held a bridge. Spartacus led a revolt in a slave-labor camp.
Buckeye, Ariz. UPTON SINCLAIR

► China and the UN

Whether we like it or not, the present Communist government in China controls the entire mainland and is therefore the only agency that can speak for almost 100 percent of the Chinese people. It would seem therefore not only unrealistic but ridiculous for us to attempt further to close our eyes to this obvious fact.

So far it has been generally assumed that if "Red China" should be admitted to the UN it would necessarily displace Chiang's so-called Nationalist government and automatically inherit its permanent seat in the Security Council. But why? We can perfectly well argue: (a) that Mao's government, though perhaps representing the mainland today, is *not* the same that helped win World War II; (b) that Chiang's present government is no longer what it was (since it can speak only for little Formosa), and therefore, though both are entitled to membership in the General Assembly—*neither* is entitled to a *permanent* seat in the Security Council.

By making such an announcement now, the following might be accomplished:

1. By granting, at least in part, the demands of Red China and Russia we would be giving them a "face-saving" loop-hole through which to withdraw from the present stalemate.

2. By granting *only part* we would be merely offering a realistic and mutually advantageous compromise which could not be called appeasement and there would be no "loss of face" on our part.

3. We would win the immediate support of all those countries which have already recognized Red China and probably the support of most of those who, like ourselves, have withheld such recognition.

4. By offering something *positive*, in place of our present completely negative policy, we would command the respect and support of all peace-loving peoples and regain the moral leadership which to a large extent we seem to have lost.
La Mesa, Calif. HENRY C. MC ILVAINE JR.

► Dam or No Dam

How can the nature-loving *New Republic* appeal so eloquently for "no dam" at Dinosaur National Monument while calling for a "big dam" in that wonder of nature, Hell's Canyon?
Boulder, Colo. ROBERT DALE

Bandwagon

Senator Mundt (R, S.D.), a subcommittee member [McCarthy's Senate Investigations Committee], said one reason the GOP wants some Democrats on the subcommittee is that it plans to explore alleged wrong-doing in the Truman Administration. To do so with an all-Republican group, Mundt said, "gives the country an erroneous impression. . . . It looks like a Republican attack." – *Oklahoma City Times, January 26, 1954.*

"The secret committee of the Veterans of Foreign Wars post here, whose alleged snoop-and-tattle Red-hunting methods have created a national controversy, is now said to be non-existent.

[Post Commander Albert A. Beres . . . said:] ". . . We're not looking for nobody. A man's got to make himself prominent in a subversive way before we'll do anything about him." – *New York Post, Feb. 2, 1954.*

What effect has Georgia's new "loyalty oath" on state officials and state employees who have been members of the Klan?

Lamar Sizemore, assistant attorney-general in charge of the hunt for subversives . . . implied that ex-Klansmen wouldn't be considered subversives. . . .

He said the Klan, when it was in existence, appeared to be aimed at destroying individual rights rather than overthrowing the government of the state or nation. . . ." – *The Atlanta Constitution, February 4, 1954.*

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